UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Communism—A Workers' World

Scott Nearing

The Religion of Solidarity - *Edward Bellamy*

The Spiritual Significance of Satyagraha
- - - - - - - - - *Reginald Reynolds*

The Jewish Collectives in Palestine
- - - - - - - - - - *A German Worker*

Book Reviews by: *Mortimer Brewster Smith—John Haynes Holmes—Curtis W. Reese.*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

For Heroes of Social Construction

The Twelfth Annual Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction was held under the auspices of The Peace Heroes Memorial Society in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday morning, May 30 last. The graves decorated were those of a policeman, a fireman, a railroader, and a factory worker who lost their lives in the performance of their duties, and of a woman who died in childbirth. Bishop Paul Jones, President of The Peace Heroes Memorial Society, presided. The program, participated in by Protestants, Catholics and Jews, included the following address by James Wilson, General President, Pattern Makers' League of N. A.:

On a day such as this it is proper that we pause from our labor and reverently pay our respect in this Memorial Service to those peace-time heroes, whom we gather here to honor, not only of this but of other generations.

Generally, throughout our country, this day is dedicated to the memory of those who, on the field of battle, gave service to their country, and it is fitting that a Memorial Day should be set apart that the struggles of mankind in its quest for freedom and justice might be recounted.

Our purpose at this service is not to detract from what they have done, but rather to commemorate the deeds of valor and the sacrifices that men and women have made in public and private employment, not urged on by martial music, but in an unostentatious manner have rendered service to mankind and have made the supreme sacrifice in the interest of the people, that was so necessary and so vital to the safety, comfort and the well-being of society generally.

Little thought do we give to the fact that here in America, more men and women in industry give their lives each year in the performance of their duty than were lost by the American Expeditionary Forces in the World War. Startling as this may seem, nevertheless it is true and shows the tremendous price that is paid in human lives for the comforts that people enjoy.

(*Continued on Page* 160)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIII MONDAY, JUNE 11, 1934 Number 8

PRAYER FOR PEACE

Break thou the spell of the enchantments that make the nations drunk with the lust of battle and draw them on as willing tools of death. Grant us a quiet and steadfast mind when our own nation clamours for vengeance or oppression. Strengthen our sense of justice and our regard for the equal worth of other peoples and races. Grant to the rulers of the nations faith in the possibility of peace through justice, and grant to the common people a new and stern enthusiasm for the cause of peace. Bless our soldiers and sailors for their swift obedience and their willingness to answer the call of duty, but inspire them none the less with a hatred for war, and may they never for love of private glory or advancement provoke its coming. May our young men still rejoice to die for their country with the valour of their fathers, but teach our age nobler methods of matching our strength and more effective ways of giving our life for the flag.

O Thou strong Father of all nations, draw all thy great family together with an increasing sense of our common blood and destiny, that peace may come on earth at last, and thy sun may shed its light rejoicing on a holy brotherhood of peoples.

Walter Rauschenbusch.

What Gandhi has done in India, in suspending civil disobedience, is clear enough in its meaning and significance, if not so clear perhaps in its practical outcome. What we have in this action of the Mahatma is recognition of the difficulty inherent in *Satyagraha,* and the need of greater discipline for its successful prosecution than the masses have yet been able to attain. Gandhi has suspended the disobedience movement before—always when it has broken down into force and violence and thus shown the weakness of its practitioners. Now he suspends it indefinitely, except only in his own case, for he intends now to carry it on alone as "the sole representative of civil resistance in action." He realizes that he has been expecting, or exacting, too much. With accustomed humility and self-blame, he declares that he has been "blind," and "blindness in a leader is unpardonable." So now he must take upon himself the full burden. "In the present circumstances only one and that myself and no other should, for the time being, bear the responsibility of civil resistance, if it is to succeed as a means of achieving *Purna Swaraj"* (full independence). The significance of this act, as a kind of supreme spiritual ascendancy of Gandhi in the life of his people, is obvious. Certainly it is the climactic moment in his long life of utter personal sacrifice for his cause. We can think of nothing to compare with it except the act of Christ in taking upon himself the sins of the world—and this is only a theological symbol, whereas, the Mahatma's act is sublime spiritual reality. Yes, this is Gandhi at his highest and noblest —he can never surpass this deed of curiously mingled self-assertion and self-abnegation. As to practical results, we must watch and wait. A tortured people will undoubtedly welcome a breathing spell which may be used for refreshment and discipline. The example of the Mahatma thus lifted up before all the people must stir new depths of insight and devotion. And Gandhi, in his own campaign, what will he do? Next August will tell!

Mr. Roosevelt's embargo on arms in the Chaco district in South America cannot be too highly commended. Thus again is the President at his best! Yet are we constrained to ask why this obscure district should be picked out for the application of policy against the arms industry? It is true that a particularly silly and devastating war is being fought there by Bolivia and Paraguay. But this war is not a particle more silly than, and not one-thousandth part as devastating as, the wars which have gone on and will go on again in other places much nearer to the heart of civilization. Suppose that not two of the smallest nations in the world but two of the largest were engaged in this inane fracas, how much would the world be interested in blocking the traffic in arms and munitions? Japan has been doing a good deal of fighting during the last two or three years, but has Washington under-

taken to place any embargo upon the shipments of scrap iron, weapons, engines, which have been pouring out of this country to the Far East? In any war between Japan and America, it is our own steel and powder which will be turned against us, yet the munitions business at this moment is going steadily on. It may be argued that embargoes must begin somewhere, and why not in the Chaco area where war is actually going on? But this is only a little smouldering dump in a vacant lot. Meanwhile a great conflagration is a-building in the centers of the world's life in Europe and in Asia. Why not stop the arms traffic where it will mean something in the terms of the lives of the millions of our people and of the existence of our whole civilization? Any move against the international armament ring is to be welcomed, so here are our thanks to President Roosevelt. But playing on the edges seems to us a bit ironical in this hour of world-wide and feverish preparation for "the next war."

The Chaco war is a perfect miniature specimen of what war in essence is on any scale. The territory which presents the issue of conflict is an utterly worthless piece of land, uninhabited, uncultivatable, and barren of forests or minerals. It is as absolutely unimportant as most of the other occasions of war. The people of the contending nations, Paraguay and Bolivia, have no slightest interest in Chaco, but on both sides have been whipped up into a frenzy of patriotism by their respective governments. Propaganda of the most unscrupulous type has been lavishly employed to blind and deceive the helpless populations. Weapons of the most modern type are being used by the two armies, secured in some way by bankrupt governments from American and other foreign armament manufacturers. Atrocity stories are rife—and now all international agreements for the control and direction of the fighting have been thrown aside on the old familiar pretexts of retaliation and defense. Thus, Paraguay has solemnly announced to Geneva that Bolivia's bombing of undefended towns has forced upon her the abandonment of all restrictions upon bloodiness and horror. So the old tale is told again, as told from the beginning, and as to be retold so long as war shall last among us. Two things this Chaco business proves to the hilt. First, that wars are fought for objectives of no imaginable concern and not worth the life of the poorest soldier in the ranks! Secondly, that, once started, wars straightway become performances of utter deviltry, with anything permissible that will help on the cause of victory! Yet we still talk of defensive wars, or wars for freedom, democracy, or national honor; and still discuss the limitation of armaments, or the abolition of so-called barbaric methods of combat. Only one line is open in this war problem, and that is getting rid of war altogether. No half measures will do. It is all or nothing.

The great fire in the stock yards of Chicago would seem to demonstrate conclusively that God is on the side of the Roosevelt administration. Indeed, the deity seems to have deserted the Republicans for good and all. When we were a boy, Providence was always working overtime sending propitious rains, growing bumper crops, filling full dinner pails, all in the name of the G. O. P. But now, of course, there is a different task to be done, and it is consequently not surprising, perhaps, that heaven has had to swing its favors this time to the Democrats. Verily, God is good! Look at the awful winter, with its widespread destruction of winter wheat, its ruin of innumerable gardens and incalculable vegetation—surely, this was a better job than any AAA could do. Then came the unprecedented drouth in the far West. The ruin of millions of dollars' worth of wheat caused amazing perturbation in Washington, but if ever there was answer to prayer, this was it. Why, this drought destroyed more wheat than the farmers could *not* plant in years, and the government thus gained its point of scarcity and high prices without paying a cent. *Laus deo!* Finally, as though God would leave the President in no doubt of his divine cooperation, there came the conflagration in Chicago, which consumed thousands of head of cattle, and cut down facilities for production for an indefinite period. Was there ever a greater blessing—less meat, and prices up? Obviously, with such beneficent backing as this, Mr. Roosevelt's triumph is assured, for other favors will surely follow. This summer will undoubtedly bring us blasting heat, unprecedented tornadoes and hurricanes, and the worst plague of locusts since the days of Egypt. Also, we hope God will not forget a first-class pestilence. Then, this fall, with ruin and disaster complete, we can all lift up our hallelujahs to God.

That was an illuminating discovery of the American savant investigating social psychology that the interest of citizens of this country in public affairs is only one-half of one per cent as compared with German citizens who register ten per cent. This discrepancy is so amazing that the investigator felt constrained to point out that Germans have been living through great events in recent years; but we venture to suggest that Americans have not of late been basking in any mill pond. Even so, the result of the inquiry is no considerable surprise to us. Americans interested in public affairs, national and international? Not a bit of it! We never shall forget a transcontinental trip which we took in the summer of 1916. We read local newspapers assiduously en route, and were immensely edified to discover that military and political news of the Great War was given a few "sticks" on inside pages, while the baseball games and the current murder sensation or divorce scandal occupied long columns on page 1. The same thing is true today, when the Roosevelt ad-

ministration is supposed to have aroused the nation. Snatch up any afternoon newspaper in any city—the sheets especially prepared for popular consumption—and note the space occupied by sports stories, racing charts, and crime. Compare the number of persons in any community who go to movies, athletic contests, bridge parties, balls, with the number who go (for much less cost!) to the public forum. Balance the millions who read the "movie" magazines, the "true story" journals, the general run of "wood-pulp" monthlies and weeklies, against the few tens of thousands who read the *Nation,* or the *World Tomorrow,* or UNITY. How much time is given on the radio to entertainment, and how much to current information—and is not much of the information (so-called) as cheap and shoddy as the entertainment? Interested in public affairs? On the contrary, the vast majority of the American people want only to *forget* public affairs. Their one desire is to get away, to escape, from anything that is worrisome, serious, or important. It is when we see what most people do with their minds that we are mostly easily persuaded to despair of democracy.

Churchmen in America have recently stood up bravely and said that they were opposed to war and armaments. Churchmen in England are going beyond this in sealing their words with their deeds. Thus, the Clergy Pensions Institute, which is under the supervision of the Church of England, has recently taken action to rid itself of investments to the tune of $50,000 in the stock of Vickers, Ltd., which is the biggest armament company in Great Britain. This stock, we are informed, has been in the possession of the Institute for a period of forty years, during which two major wars and eight minor conflicts have been fought by the British Crown. The profits from the trade have, of course, been enormous, and thus have helped greatly to keep retired bishops and lesser clergy in comfort. But now the mind of the Church is questioning the ethics of income from such a source, and is taking steps to get rid of it. Such action will inevitably involve loss, for Vickers shares are marvelously prosperous these days when other business interests are still wan and pale from recent serious illness. But the clergy are evidently resolved to have a lighter pocketbook for the sake of a clearer conscience. All of which means enormous spiritual gain for religion—a kind of gain, we venture to suggest, which the Church should be glad to match against material loss! With such an example before us, it might be well to ask what our situation is in this country. How many of our churches and denominational societies have money invested in shipbuilding companies, ammunition works, and the Bethlehem Steel Co.? We know one estimable individual who gives to a well-known peace organization large sums of money derived from Du Pont stock. How widespread is this practice among us? Perhaps it might be well to investigate!

We would not be unkind in comment upon the marital tragedy of Bertrand and Dora Russell. Indeed, we would not under ordinary circumstances speak of such matter as this at all in this place, as we believe that unhappy folk have a right to privacy in their personal affairs. But circumstances in this case are not ordinary, and the Russells have themselves long since made their private relations public. Also, for the general good, it is inevitable that the moral of this tale be told. For years, now, Bertrand Russell has been busy teaching the youth of his own and also of this country that marriage is an outgrown and outworn institution. He has advocated the modification of the marital relation through all kinds of laxities which may be summed up in the one word, "promiscuity." One may well wonder by what right Mr. Russell has preached on this subject, when his own first marriage was so dismal and tragic a failure. Does the engineer talk on principles of construction when his bridge has collapsed, or the general lecture on the military art when he has lost a campaign? But perhaps this failure was only so much good evidence in support of his indictment of conventional marriage, and his freer relation with his second wife would prove his case! But now his practice has failed again. Infidelity has once more smashed up the home. Perhaps, after all, there is some wisdom as well as right in the seventh commandment. In any case, Bertrand Russell is through as a guide to marriage and an expounder of ethics and religion. His influence on the younger generation, the most malign and subversive in our time, is ended. And the same is true of Dora Russell, who has for years been teaching us the ways of happiness! Her ways have seemed strange, save as they were utterly pagan. And now they have led nowhere at all. Perhaps, after all, we are not so smart in this sophisticated age as we thought we were. The moral law is terribly old fashioned, but it seems to hold!

Jottings

Pro-Nazis in New York denounce the boycott against Germany, and now have organized a counter-boycott of their own. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

The great statue of William Jennings Bryan in Potomac Park, Washington, was unveiled at just the right time. The silver heresy of 1896 is the government

policy of 1934. The Great Commoner has come into his own!

Latvia and Bulgaria are the latest countries to disband their parliaments and establish dictatorships. Thus does the world continue to be made "safe for democracy."

When the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, we remember that the crime was blamed on Prohibition. Now Prohibition is gone, and kidnappings are more frequent than ever. How come? When Gov. Rolph applauded the lynchers at San José we remember he said this lynching would end kidnapping in California. The recent and highly sensational case in southern California shows that kidnappers are still busily at work in the Golden State. *How come?* How Come?

J. H. H.

There were more Bibles distributed in Japan last year than ever before in the history of the nation. What effect did they accomplish on the public mind?

Proposed Roads to a Better Social Order

No. 5—Communism—A Workers' World

The struggle for bread, for wealth, income, privilege, security and power is an age-old struggle. Those who have taken part in this historic struggle over distribution of the world's goods fall into one of two classes:

1. The workers, who perform productive and useful service.

2. The robbers, who take the products of labor under the slogan: you toil—we eat.

The workers may be subdivided into many groups: hand workers, managers, engineers, administrators, professionals, artists. In their various capacities they plow the land, dig the coal, assemble the tractors, design and build the bridges, keep the accounts, write the books and compose the music.

The robbers may be subdivided into grabbers who take an active part in appropriating the wealth produced by the workers: bankers, pirates, bandits, real-estate operators, stock-brokers, corporation lawyers, high-jackers, kidnappers, oil magnates, coal barons, steel kings; and grafters who merely consume without working: absentee landlords, stock, bond and mortgage holders, owners of annuities.

During the whole period of written history it is not the workers, but the robbers who have been in control of the world.

The workers control communist society. This is the most important single difference between capitalism and communism.

Under capitalism the robbers hold power. They and their henchmen control capitalist society. They own the industries; manage the government; direct the news agencies and the schools; they shape the ideas.

Under communism the workers hold power. Through their trade unions, cooperatives, political parties, educational and sport organizations, they control and manage the industries and the government, direct the radio and the schools, and shape the ideas.

The struggle between man and man for the possession of individual wealth is the chief feature of capitalist society. The struggle against nature is of secondary importance.

Under communism the workers cooperate to dominate nature. With them the battle for abundance is primary. Once this abundance is secured, it is shared among those who cooperated in its production, thus avoiding the wolf-struggle between man and man which dominates the economic life of capitalist society.

Capitalism is a social system run by and for grabbers and grafters.

Communism is a social system run by and for workers.

Under communism, since all able-bodied men and women do their share of productive and useful work, all are workers. Grabbers and grafters are treated as thieves and pickpockets are treated under capitalism. For the first time in history, society is run by and for those who do the world's productive and useful work.

1. *The Means of Production*

Efficient machines and scientific organization of the economic system enlarge the control that men exercise over nature, protect the community against uncertainty, and provide an abundance of goods and services. Communism therefore uses the most up-to-date machinery and the most efficient methods for converting raw materials into the goods and services upon which life and well-being depend. Institutions of research are established in every field of human endeavor; inventors are encouraged to work out new ideas; schools provide special training for those who show talent in any and every field of social activity.

Every effort is made in a communist society to concentrate human energy, intelligence and activity on the problem of getting the best possible living with the least possible outlay of materials and labor. The danger of overproduction is past. Hunger no longer gnaws and drives. Men and women work to raise their standards of living; to gain more leisure; to broaden and deepen life's experience.

The machines are of course socially owned. Just as in capitalist society, the schools, streets and post-offices are social property, in a communist society the mines, factories, railroads, stores and banks are also social property.

Schools are not run under capitalism to make a profit for some grabber. They provide education for those who need it.

Factories are not run under communism to make a profit for some grafter. They provide shirts and shoes for those who need them.

Under a communist use-economy the mines and factories continue to operate until the needs of the people have been met. If these needs can be met in

eight hours, each able-bodied adult is expected to perform eight hours of productive and useful labor. If the needs can be met in four hours of labor, the working day is set at four hours.

A socialized use-economy will run smoothly only in case it is carefully planned and well managed. Communists therefore draw up general economic plans. In each locality, and in each district or region, as well as at the central planning office, experts are busy with maps, charts and figures. If their plans are well made and executed, the goods and services produced will be sufficient to provide necessaries and comforts for those who need them.

After all, what are social engineers for? They should be responsible for food, clothing, shelter, health, education and recreation, just as civil engineers are responsible for bridges and roads.

The means of production cannot be successfully localized in any part of the world or by any race, group or gang. The oil of Persia, the nickel of Canada, the lumber of Russia, the iron of Alabama and Michigan, are all necessary in the organization of a socialized, planned economy. They can be used to the greatest advantage only when they are handled on a world scale.

Communist economy is therefore a world economy, built around a world plan. By this means, the entire human race will cooperate to raise the standard of human life for every one everywhere.

The project sounds ambitious. It is. Before the age of steam, steel and electricity, it would have been impossible. A robbers' society could not even attempt it. A socialized, planned world economy is the first contribution of communism to the advance of the human race.

2. *Communist Institutions*

Communist institutions take their color from the means of production employed in communist society. The rise of a socialized, planned world economy is accompanied by the development of many important communist institutions.

First in importance among communist institutions is a unified, classless society. Socialization destroys profit. With profit goes the basis for class divisions.

Sharp cleavages between classes and even between national and racial groups disappear or are materially reduced in a society where each person has the same chances as every other person for food, sunshine, recreation and education.

People under communism are not all alike. On the contrary, each has a chance to develop his particular talents. But the development of individual talent does not emphasize the division of human beings into classes and nations and races. It makes it possible for all to contribute and cooperate in providing those productive and useful services upon which the well-being of all depends.

Communist society develops a system of public administration which controls and directs all public activities, as the school board and the board of health carry on administrative work under capitalism. Besides health and education, public administration under communism includes manufacturing, transport, agriculture, building, and all other public services. Whatever is of public importance is publicly administered.

Public administration does not necessarily mean central administration. A town, for example, administers its bus-lines, its schools, its water systems; but the railroad running through the town is directed by the authorities of the district in which it operates.

Workers control every phase of public administration in a communist society. From the factory committees and the local town councils to the central executive committees of trade unions, cooperatives, and other administrative bodies, those who do the productive and useful work select their representatives and keep watch over their doings. Grabbers are always ready to seize privileges for themselves. The moment workers relax their vigilance, the grabbers get busy.

Communist society provides social insurance covering accident, sickness, unemployment, old age and any other chance occurrences that may prevent the individual from enjoying a full life. Instead of asking each man and woman to carry these risks, a communist society assumes them. In this way, the racking uncertainties that wear down the lives of millions under capitalism are wiped away. Individual risk is absorbed by social cooperation.

Communism guarantees a livelihood. All adults who perform productive and useful service, all children, all incapacitated, and all aged persons come under this guarantee.

Through the ages, whole sections of the race have lived in poverty, cursed and haunted by hunger and suffering. Machinery makes poverty unnecessary. Communism, using efficient machinery in a socialized, planned world economy, guarantees the necessaries and comforts of life to every human being.

With this guarantee of livelihood goes the sharing of leisure and opportunity. In a class-divided society, the robbers monopolize both leisure and opportunity. They remain at home when they feel indisposed; winter in the South; buy the best books; send their children to college; enjoy the best plays and the best music. They can do this because they hold the wealth and power of society in their hands. Communism socializes both by wiping out class differences. Those who do the productive and useful work of the world share the leisure and the opportunity that their work makes possible.

Guaranteed livelihood and socialized opportunity are possible only in a classless society, where all public affairs are administered by the workers. These institutions of communist society are built upon a socialized, planned world economy.

3. *Communist Ideas*

Communist society gives rise to ideas that are directly related to the means of production and the dominant institutions of communism. First among these ideas, the communists hold that the good things of life come through labor.

Robbers, who, without working, live on the fat of the land, have as the motto of their system of exploitation: "You work; we eat."

Workers, who depend upon productive and useful service for their livelihood, have as their motto: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat."

Not work alone but cooperative activity is essential to human well-being. Communism teaches and practices mutual aid in all phases of life.

The chief source of satisfaction under communism lies, therefore, in decent social relations. People trained under communism are prepared, first, to make their contribution of productive and useful service, and, second, to maintain satisfactory relations with their fellow beings.

Their happiness comes through success in rendering productive and useful services and in maintaining decent social relations. The measure of success is the extent to which any individual contributes in one or both of these directions.

The goal of a communist society is a higher level of living. The service that each member of the community renders is judged in terms of its effect on community life. The greatest successes are registered by those who make the most helpful contributions to community living.

The ideas fostered under capitalism center about property, consumption, and the accumulation of material things to the point of permanent parasitism.

The ideas fostered under communism center about cooperation, service, and the efforts to convert cooperation and service into a higher standard of social living.

SCOTT NEARING.

Edward Bellamy—on the—Religion of Solidarity

II.

Since it is a common error to imagine that impersonal consciousness is a thing altogether vague and shadowy, while the personal consciousness or soul life is the only real and substantial hold on existence, it will be well by way of correcting this notion to advert to some of the continual instances in our daily spiritual experience in which we closely approximate the impersonal mood. For instance, in the degree in which we realize beauty of any sort we approach the impersonal condition and obtain a hint of the mode of our impersonal consciousness. It is only when we can say that we forget ourselves and in a certain mystic way seem to share the life of the thing admired that we taste the pure and high felicity of a perfect realization of a perfect sense of beauty. It is in measure as we are wrapt out of ourselves into this mood of impersonal consciousness that we are sublimed by the impulses of self-devotion and attain the grand experience of enthusiasm. Those mental states which we call the noblest, broadest and most inspired, the most intense and satisfying of our psychical faculties, in fine all those emotions and moods by which we are greater than our personalities, and which constitute the larger and far more essential part of our lives—all these are but the activity of the greater self, the impersonal consciousness within us. That fact of consciousness most clearly witnessing to the impersonality of the soul is that, whereas the animal functions are constant quantities, varying only with their supplies of nutriment and stimulus, the soul is most inconstant, as it were continually coming and going, now dull and lifeless, now again vivified, glowing, expanding as it is touched with some inspiration of enthusiasm or some sentiment of sympathy with larger life. I know of nothing to which to compare this perpetual flux and reflex, but to the phenomena presented by the Northern Lights, which on a winter night now irradiate the whole vault of the heavens with torrents of light, throwing their spray over the earth, and again sink away to the horizon leaving the sky black and dead. So is the soul, ever rising and falling, wavering, undulating, ever glowing and fading, ebbing and flowing, as from some eternal reservoir. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, you hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." So is the soul of man born again in every fresh inbreathing of the soul of solidarity.

In view of such phenomena, where is the claim of the personality of the soul, and its sufficient, self-comprehending consciousness? I can as easily imagine the little islets on an ocean coast boasting that the tides that daily throb through them are spontaneous with them, as a man boasting that these tides and tempests of the soul arise within his own personality, and do not rather come from the uttermost parts of the universe.

Genius is the vivid partaking of the soul of solidarity. It is essentially impersonal in its manifestations; the personality of the subject is in suspense. To be possessed of his genius, the man must be unconscious of his personality, he must be beside himself even as the Delphic priestess required to be before the oracle spoke through her. We can but conclude then from all this testimony of our own experiences that unconsciousness of personality or impersonal consciousness does not imply a vague and shadowy mode of being, but rather a stronger, more intense pulse of feeling than is obtainable by the most vigorous assertion of the personality. Individuality, personality is segregation, is partition, is confinement, in fine a prison, and happy are we if its walls grow not too wearisome ere our seventy years' sentence expires.

To pursue this argument, it appears to me (the testimony of his own consciousness is the only evidence that any person can receive in this manner) that the last effort of introspection discloses in the penetralia of the soul an impersonal presence. Tracing to its awful source the river of life within us, what do we find? We who so confidently claim to be personal, self-comprehending, self-complete entities! Will any be so bold as to say that he can fathom, even in untranslatable emotions, that fount of being whence wells the sense of existence? Ponder well: do we not feel ourselves at once a part of, and external to, that last impregnable consciousness, that citadel of being? We are at once it and of it, itself, yet not all of it. In fine, it is impersonal. It is the witness of our life and we are the witness of its life. With nothing are we more identical, yet it is awful to us as infinity, unspeakable as God. Ask for no heavens to open nor firmament to dissolve that you may be left face to face with God and see the sum and end of things. Steadfastly look into the well of your own life and know the powerlessness of human tongues to express its endless depths, its boundless contents. Ere you think of any other infinity, fathom and compass that, and be prepared to learn that there is but one problem in the universe and that is the nature of the soul that is one in you and all things.

Moods of insight visit all in which our natures go deepening on and up until we feel that we are infinitely within ourselves and turn back shuddering from its brink. The pettinesses of the personality come in sharp contrast with these stupendous and labyrinthine reaches of the soul, forming a

bizarre and glaring opposition, seemingly inscrutable, and oppressing us with a strange sense of mystery and self-ignorance. But when we come to regard the profound within us as the presence of the All of being, with which we are far more deeply and indissolubly identical than with our individualities, to which the contrasted pettinesses pertain, we cease to mingle the two strains of emotion but act in one and rest in the other.

There are few with an introspective habit who are not haunted with a certain very definite sense of a second soul, an inner serene and passionless ego, which regards the experiences of the individual with a superior curiosity, as it were, a half pity. It is especially in moments of the deepest anguish or of the maddest gaiety, that is, in the intensest strain of the individuality, that we are conscious of the dual soul as of a presence serenely regarding from another plane of being the agitated personality. It is at such times that we become, not by force of argument, but by spontaneous experience, strictly subjective to ourselves, that is, the individuality becomes objective to the universal soul, that eternal subjective. The latter regards the former as a God is conceived to look upon men, in an attitude passionless, disinterested yet pitiful. Often does it happen in scenes of revelry or woe that we are thus suddenly translated, looking down calmly upon our passion-wrung selves, and then as with an effort once more induing the weeds and tinsel of our personal estates. At such times we say that we have been out of ourselves, but in reality we have been into ourselves; we have only just realized the greater half of our being. We have momentarily lived in the infinite part of our being, a region ever open and waiting for us, if we will but frequent its highlands. We call such an experience abnormal; it should be normal. We dwell needlessly in the narrow grotto of the individual life, counting as strange angelic visitants the sunbeams that struggle thither, not being able to believe that the upper universe is our world to live in, the grotto of the personality a mere work-shop. We are content to conjecture from occasional intuitions a world that we should constantly recognize. The half-conscious god that is man is called to recognize his divine parts. The soul there is what it would be. It has the infinity it craves. We restrict ourselves. Spread your wings, you will reach no horizon. Cast out the lead, it will strike no bottoms. Our little wells are filled from this eternal life; our souls are not islands in the void, but peninsulas forming one continent of life within the universe. It is man's own indolence that will inhabit but one corner of the open universe, a corner of himself. Let him assume his birthright, and live out, live up, in others, in the past, in the future, in nature, in God. There are no barriers to the soul but such as sense-bound fancy imagines. When Thales enunciated the maxim "know thyself," he propounded a problem not to be solved, for the human soul is continuous with it, the dual existence of man is at once infinite and infinitesimal, and particular.

I do not assert that the higher universal life is at once realizable by merely resolving thereon. Like his present endowment of mental faculties which man has slowly and painfully evolved since the savage state, so the full consciousness and active enjoyment of the universal soul will be slow and difficult in being realized. Potentially, indeed, the universal life is manifesting itself within us by countless unmistakable signs, but it is in the mind of Shakespeare as in the cave-dweller. It remains for us, by culture of our spiritual cognitions, by education, drawing forth of our partially latent universal instincts to develop into a consciousness as coherent, definite, and indefeasible as that of our individual life, the all identical life of the universe within us. Nor is this tendency of the human soul to a more perfect realization of its solidarity with the universe by the development of instincts partly or wholly latent, altogether a theory. It is already an observed fact, a matter of history. I would call attention to the fact that sentimental love of the beautiful and sublime in nature, the charm which mountains, sea and landscape so potently exercise upon the modern mind through a subtle sense of sympathy, is a comparatively modern and even growth of the human mind. The ancients knew, or, at least, said nothing of it. It is a curious fact that in no classic author are to be found any allusions to a class of emotions and sentiments that take up such large space in modern literature. It is almost within a century, in fact, that this susceptibility of the soul seems to have been developed. It is not therefore surprising that its language should still be vague. I am sure that much of the unrest and reaching out after the infinite which is the peculiar characteristic of this age is the result of this new sense. If culture can add such a province as this to human nature within a century, it is surely not visionary to count on the still more complete future development of the same group of subtle psychical faculties.

The influence of an acceptance of the view of life which has now been outlined should not be to breed a discontent within ourselves as individuals. The personality should not be condemned, should not be worn with half-heartedness and repining. It is dignified in being the channel, the expression of the universal. In this view it has as sound a right of being as the Universal itself. Its joys we do well to push to the uttermost, interpreting them by the universal and thus lending them sublimity. Its sorrows we should not on the other hand contemn nor bear too heavily, but tenderly pity from the higher plane the bereavements of the individual, accepting their monitions toward the universal, the all-pervading life. In that lofty over-looking region, in that supernal passionless atmosphere, learn to make a home and build there an everlasting habitation whither to retire when the personal life is overclouded, its windows darkened and all its functions palsied with the bitterness of disappointment and the anguish of bereavement.

Perhaps the relations of the universal and individual lives may be more distinctly brought before the mind by imagining them under the types, respectively, of the centripetal and centrifugal forces as illustrated in celestial mechanics. The instinct of universal solidarity, of the identity of our lives with all life, is the centripetal force which binds together in certain orbits all orders of beings. In fine, the instinct of solidarity in the moral universe correlates the attraction of gravitation in the material world.

The fact of individuality with its tendency to particularizations is the centrifugal force which hinders the universal fusion, the natural result of the unimpeded operation of the centripetal force and preserves the variety in unity which seems to be the destined condition of being. Thus these mutually balancing forces play each their necessary part and each we may suppose to be an absolute fact. It is the instinct of personality which leads man, weary of exploring the universe and striving to grasp the conceptions of it, to other orders of being, to take refuge in the bundle of mental and physical experiences which he calls himself, as the only thing of which he is absolutely sure, the sole rock in the midst of an illimitable ocean. It is this instinct which at times sends him off, as it were, on a tangent from his orbit in defiance of the centripetal instinct of solidarity in mad self-assertion, in a wild rebellion against subordination or coherency with anything.

It is this vicious habit of regarding the personality as an ultimate fact instead of a mere temporary effection of the universal that at times overcomes the mind with a sense of utter and unnecessary isolation, of inexpressible loneliness, of a great gulf fixed between each individuality and all others. It is this instinct which lends its horror of quiet darkness to death, for death is the dissolution of the individuality and the enfranchisement of the atom of the universal which has been segregated in it. On the other hand, it is the instinct of solidarity, however misconstrued or unconfessed, which lends more consciousness of greatness, otherwise unaccountable, a sense of majesty, utterly, nay, ludicrously beyond that which is warranted by the proportion of his personality to the sum of personalities. It is this which makes a man, however good his will, unable to isolate himself from the general frame of things and conceive of the universe as going on without him. The universe never did and never will go on without him. It is this which renders it all essential for his comfort, to feel that he is acting a part of some universal plant or frame of things, thus making some sort of religion or philosophy indispensable to him and rendering the notion of unconnected, isolated action abhorrent to his soul. The opposition in human nature of the two ideas of solidarity and personality may be further illustrated by describing as an expression of the former the sense of the sublime, of the grand, or whatever may be called the instinct of an infinity, and on the other hand as an expression of the personality, the desire of being circumscribed, shut in, and bounded, the aversion to vague limitations, the sense of coziness (if I may venture to give a philosophical meaning to that peculiar word), or what may be called the instinct of finity. To the latter class of feelings, the former seems to open an abstract, unreal, remote and frigid cloud land, utterly repugnant to its own warm and cheerful, if confined, precincts.

In turn, the instinct of finity to its opposite seems synonymous with pettiness, with infinitesimality, suggestive of a mean, base and narrow scope, a low-lying, sensuous atmosphere. Their opposition, whereof the mental experience of every reader will have furnished abundant instances, is another testimony of consciousness to the dual constitution of the human soul.

Much sorrow of man comes from his efforts in imperfect understanding of his own nature to crowd his universal life into his personal experience, to grasp and realize with the functions of the finite the suggestions of the infinite. He is thus led to make too much of the joys and sorrows and circumstances of the person. Conscious of universal instincts, his mistake lies in expecting the experiences of the individual to be of like scope. He would have the relationships of the individual endowed with the attributes of the universal. Conscious fully of the individual life, his constant effort is to express, as it were, universal instincts in terms of the individuality. No wonder human joy has such an undertone of sadness and all the concern of the individual life seems but vanity of vanities. It is the mistake of requiring the finite to meet the criterion of the infinite. The joys and sorrows of the individual are adapted to its scope. To seek in them any completer significance is to tempt disappointment. What man complains of as an incurable incongruity between his soul and its external surroundings, and the scope by them imposed, is in stricter truth an incongruity between the two aspects of his own nature. The remedy is ceasing to confuse them and in rendering to each the things of each.

We should ever interpret the finite in us by the infinite, but the infinite by the finite, never. For instance, if we interpret love as a partial realization under the hindering conditions of individuality, of that complete fusion of souls which is the centripetal tendency of the universal instincts, we sublime our passion so that an experience of the individual life becomes an eloquent revelation of the universal. But, if loving, we dream of such a union, but dream of it as if consistent with self-assertion and the preservation of our personalities we fall into the absurdity of interpreting the one by the many, the universal by the individual. Personalities cannot absorb each other, their essence is diversity. For our personalities, therefore, we cannot expect a perfect intimacy free from all incompatibility and antagonism, but may only solace ourselves with an occasional realization of an ecstasy of ineffable tenderness, transitory glimpses of that oneness of our universal parts which over-arches and includes all individual diversities. Looking for a perfect outward harmony and fitting together of personalities, ever of those best adapted and most passionately attached, we shall ever meet with bitter disappointment, but in the higher plane of this larger life we can always realize that fusion and identity which is the heart of all love.

So, too, is that other great experience of the individual, bereavement by death. If we are able to interpret the many by the one, the individual by the universal, we find great consolation for the death of a friend in reflecting that he has but given up that part of him in which he was diverse and separate from us: that is, his personality, to exist henceforth, so far as we know, wholly in that part in which he is one with us and one with all. Truly, not with our bodily passions can we sympathize with his new life. He no longer bears those traits of personality by which these were roused. Our body and the physical sympathies born of it must needs be bereaved. Also those mental traits (equally peculiarities of the individuality) which

formerly sympathized with the dead. All these are mortal and miss the mortal parts of the dead. For this bereavement there is no remedy and it is worthy the tribute of tears. But our real life, that indefeasible consciousness of being, the life of solidarity, which connected with the body so transcended its conditions, we may legitimately believe to survive its decay, nay, perhaps, to be then first set free by that decay, and by this higher life at once in us and in all, we are united to the living and the dead. For this life of solidarity there is neither past nor present, mortality nor immortality, but life ever present, which dons and doffs the countless and varied guises of individuality as one puts on and takes off his garments.

As individuals then, we have nothing in common with the dead, in that attitude we cannot commune with them, but as universals we are one with them. Nothing should greatly shake those who have their foundations so deeply fixed. But if we reverse this philosophy and interpret the universal by the individual, then, indeed, our plight is pitiable. We are seeking to superadd the universal to the individual, the infinite to the finite, and for result have an incongruous, unthinkable conception more fruitful in vague questioning and in repining than in relief. Claiming a most undesirable immortality for personal traits that even in this life, in the course of a few years so utterly change we cannot consent to regard as perishable those idiosyncrasies, those mental squints and biases, which by the variations of defects are the only marks of intellectual individualities. It seems to me that without these we should lose our identity. And so indeed we should lose our identity as individuals, so facetious, unsubstantial, easily lost a thing is that, a thing of an ear mark, more or less.

Who has not often felt in sudden shocks of feeling as if the sense of personal identity, that is, sense of his connection with his particular individuality were slipping from him? To such as recall similar experiences, and surely all persons must, they will supply the need of argument in convincing them that the personality is a very precarious possession, held by a thread, which will sustain but a feeble strain. The tendency of the mind to ecstacies, trances, and similar suspensions of sense of the personal identity, at times when the body is in a morbid state, as well as the perfectly healthful exaltations of enthusiasm, are additional illustrations of the same truth. I speak of well known psychological phenomena and but parenthetically advert to them in claiming their testimony to the accidental connections of the soul with the personality, the latter being as it were attached for fair weather purposes only by joints that show their seams in every strain of the machine.

(*To be concluded*)

The Jewish Collectives in Palestine

(*From the Diary of a German Worker*)

There is something happening in Palestine which is worth bringing to the knowledge of other people. Along with the perennial interest which the "Holy Land" provides is the new interest generated by the collective farms and settlements of the young Jews. The desert or the 1000-year-old fallow land is being changed into a fertile garden where all the fruits of the South thrive, such as grapes, oranges, and bananas. Along with this, young people are changed into farmers and artisans. Almost all of them have attended a secondary school and their well-to-do parents have intended them to enter some job which without much trouble could provide them with a comfortable existence. Instead they have become workers, although one can still see traces of their background in more than external details such as wrist watches and spectacles.

To change from an immigrant to a farmer often takes ten years or more. This settling would be impossible without a communal life. Working together, helping one another, renouncing many personal things for the sake of the group and its goal, that is what is required. Most of them come without any preliminary training for their new work. Some have been trained in poultry farming, cattle breeding, gardening, etc. They have previously gone to countries advanced in these directions, such as Holland, Switzerland, or Denmark.

The members of a collective group first live close to a town. They put up large round tents or sometimes some very shaky wooden barracks into which the sand is blown by the wind. Temporarily they take work building roads or houses in the orange groves of the rich Jews, for instance. They may start their farming with some poultry, a cow which gives them milk for their children, and a few horses for transportation. In any case the beginning is quite primitive. The earnings go into the common box. Food, housing, laundry—everything they have in common. Whatever a comrade uses he will get if possible from the commune, even the inevitable cigarettes. The meals are often meager, the tea rather thin and salty. The stress is put on what is filling rather than on what is tasty. The sum which is allowed for each person a day for food (3 or 4 piasters—64 pfennig) must suffice. There is much hardship especially in the beginning, away from home which they have often left against their parents' will, bothered by the heat and swarms of insects. One is tempted to hide one's face in a veil like the Arabian women. In the fields are snakes, scorpions, and insects. In their work they have to compete with the cheap Arabs. The unemployed in the community must be supported by those who have work.

But all this is to be overcome and taken together with the advantages. Something valuable is obtained, a content to life. These people come from petit bourgeois families abroad, from Poland, Germany, Latvia, Rumania, shortly, from all over the world. They have been made to feel in their respective countries: "You are Jews, business men, hagglers. You are not such people as we are or like us in any way." And if it sometimes happened that one of them did not want to enter the business world but wished to become a tradesman or a worker there were still difficulties waiting for him. Therefore many decided that since they were Jews they would be so fully, and traveled to Palestine. And they find that there they are Jews. There they can be so freely. In the home of their fathers they can prosper. They have enriched their lives more than in the petit-bourgeois surroundings in the "strange country." And a great help for the reconstruction of their country is just the way in which they live their lives in Palestine, as a large family, a hundred or more, eight

hours work, and leisure afterwards, shower baths, clean clothes, newspapers, books, music, radio. They have a common life. Their ideals are already partly realized. That is the great difference between their lives and those of farmers or workers in Europe.

After two or three years when the collective or "Kibutz" has money or credit, it receives land from the Zionist Fund, that is, the land is handed over to them for cultivation and remains the property of the Jewish nation. If the collective goes bankrupt, the land goes back to the nation. Having the land now means that there is much work to be done. Everybody must work for a while, even more than eight hours. The soil must be tilled and tended faithfully before the first harvest is ripe. Cattle, tools, and machinery must be bought, and the work does not yet bring in any income. But they rough it until harvest time comes and their pains are rewarded. The vines bear wonderful bunches of grapes which are sometimes half a meter long. The work progresses from one harvest to the next, more horses and cows are acquired. They use the most modern agricultural machinery. In this way they offer a striking contrast to the agricultural methods employed in neighboring Arabian villages. The Arabians work in their fields just like their fathers and grandfathers. The whole family, old and young, ride in the threshing machine until the corn is threshed. Then they throw it with wooden shovels against the wind in order to separate the grain from the chaff. A piece of work which takes an Arab family almost all summer to do is done in the Jewish collectives within a few days.

In addition, the barracks are replaced by solid concrete buildings, always built in the most modern Dessau Bauhaus style. The houses where they live and have their meals are built on hills so that the wind can bring some coolness. The floors are made of cement plates, partly because it is cool and partly because of lack of wood.

The first solid house is always built for the children. That is typical. Even if there is ever so little to spare, the children usually have enough, and always the best to be had. I wish that all workers' children could have such a childhood as the ones in the collectives. When the parents come home from the fields the children will jump into the carts or automobiles and welcome their parents and everybody joins in their delight. During the day they are taken care of by a trained kindergarten nurse. Most of the small ones have fair hair and blue eyes, and are not a bit Jewish in appearance. The climate here is said to make this change. At the age of two or three these sunburned children will be splashing around in the Jordan or lake of Gennesaret. They swim like fishes in the water. They climb up the trees and ladders with the greatest skill. It is pure joy to watch them. It is a pity that they speak only Hebrew. One must communicate with them without words.

Of course these people know how to enjoy life and celebrate festivals. They have a characteristic kind of folk dance and song, and a great capacity for fun and frolic. A new generation grows up here, healthy in mind and body. They work and are happy, full of ideals and trusting in the future. They are still sowing and yet they reap already. The work proceeds and is distributed according to the strength and ability of each individual, without director, foreman, or speeding-up system, and it goes all right, even in the large colonies. I ask myself whether we in Europe where conditions are so much more settled cannot learn from Palestine. Everywhere I am received as a friend. They give me board and lodging. On the whole they are very hospitable in the collectives. They greet you with their "Schalom" which means peace, and they use that greeting all through the day. Then they feel that everying is all right.

I remained some time in Degania, the oldest colony. It was organized before the war, and is wonderfully situated, right on the Jordan. There are small groves of eucalyptus trees around. These were planted to counteract the fever of the swampy country. The roads are lined with tall trees. Everything lies in the shadow and shadow is something rare and costly in this land. Beyond the limits of the colony there is nothing green, no trees or bushes. Within it are huge vineyards, banana plantations, orange groves, lemon, olive and fig trees, and also date palms. For our tea we used to fetch a lemon from the nearest tree, which seemed great fun to me. All of these trees are old and bear well.

These men and women in Degania are pioneers. They look like peasants at work, like real peasants with backs bent by hard work. They have spent fifteen or twenty years here beside the Jordan where the heat is intense and the irrigated soil as fertile as a hot-house. They have not been defeated by malaria and other tropical diseases. They have been through warfare with the Arabs and famines. It had certainly not been sung at their cradles that they were to become farmers in the homeland of their forefathers. The little church yard down there by the Jordan could tell a story of toil, want, privation, and at last success. For example, the cattle in their stables can easily stand comparison with the cattle on the model farms in Denmark.

Advances have been made in more than material ways. The interest in education is keen. They read books and newspapers faithfully in the evenings. The children have a separate school building where they are taught according to the most modern principles. There is a woman here who is traveling about talking to the children in the various schools. Her subject is the problem of diet and now the adults also listen to her eagerly and discuss. Imagine such an interest in such a question after a summer day's strenuous work. I really felt sorry when I had to leave this colony.

We discuss Zionism. I bring up the objection that Zionism is not necessary for a socialistically minded Jew. A revolution, a socialistic state will give work and the possibility for existence in the various countries to the Jews as well as to the non-Jews, and thus the Jewish problem would be solved. But I must admit that this Palestine gives something to them which they cannot have in other places: a home, a center, something which we not being Jews cannot understand, for to us nation and home are something self-evident. Where is home to us? Where we feel harmonious, where we have work, friends, and people who talk, think, and feel with us, with whom we can be happy. There I belong, there is my home. And this home I have not only in Germany, Russia, or France, but also in other countries. Maybe this is what makes a difference, that we who are not Jews through the mere fact that we do belong to a large nation, feel that we belong, and take the advantages of this for granted, even if we don't lay any stress on its importance. Yet all of the twelve millions Jews cannot go to Palestine.

And there is one big problem facing those Jews in Palestine. How will the Jews and the Arabs get along together in the long run? The Arabs are proletarians

without any cultural demands, far behind in all respects. They hold the land as tenants of the rich Effendis. They cultivate the land in an antediluvian manner. The soil might in many cases yield ten times as much. In 1929 there were bloody fights between Jews and Arabs with many deaths on both sides. Now there is peace but the Jews tell me that they are prepared and have no fear of new attacks from the Arabs. The Arabs say that the Jews take their land away and they don't know where to graze their cattle. So there is a real antagonism here as well as in the industrial centers such as the modern city of Haifa where the Jews receive twice as much as the Arabs for their work because they are organized. It often happens that the Arabs drive their cattle into the fields which have been bought by the Jews with the argument that their forefathers used these fields. The Jews claim that it is their land, they have bought it. Thus quarrels come up, rifle fights and law suits.

Some Jews maintain that there is room enough for both peoples in Palestine and that they would get along much better together if the Englishmen and Effendis were not there with their instigations. I have heard other Jews say that the Arabs should go back to "Trans-Jordania," where there is plenty of room for them. Jews who are communists often go to Soviet Russia where there are also Jewish colonies.

Apart from the Arab problem, there is a personal problem of adjustment for many of these Jews who have been attracted to Palestine and have tried this communal experiment. In Tel-Aviv, that modern European town of 60,000 inhabited only by Jews, their center and their pride, I met some young Jews from Germany. They were no longer Zionists. They argued that in the same way as oranges do not thrive in the northern countries, the German Jews cannot thrive in Palestine. "We are Europeans," they said, "we are used to the cities and the life of the city, its climate, industry, wages, food, drinks, in short, a different environment. We cannot thrive here. At the first chance we will go back to Europe. To the Poles this is a paradise. But to us Germans this is no good. Hitler and the Nazis are not half so bad. There are abnormal conditions in Germany, but they will pass. New immigrants keep coming here which means an inevitable reduction of wages. We don't want to become farmers on such a poor basis."

They had joined the cooperatives and had been disappointed by the primitive methods, by the hard work to which they were not accustomed, by the poor food, by the sicknesses due to the change of climate, and by other inconveniences. It seems evident that one of several conditions is necessary before Jewish immigrants can rank among those who are wresting success out of this great and difficult experiment. Some may be convinced of the impossibility of a return, and these have nothing to do but stay on and rough it with the others. Others may be very healthy and possess an iron will. A few are great idealists. But whatever the type of person or motive at work, the success of these collective enterprises is already sufficiently established to warrant unusual effort. The casual observer among the visitors to Palestine will continue to exclaim over the Mount of Olives as a symbol of the realities of the past. But the enduring tenacity of the Jewish people offers an experiment which shows these realities to be still present in their own peculiar forms equally deserving of admiration and provocative to thinking.

The Spiritual Significance of Satyagraha*

[*From Our English Correspondent*]

It is difficult to convey within the scope of an article the full extent of the influence wielded by Gandhi or the importance of the transformation he has accomplished. Up to the time of the War Indian nationalism was mostly confined, as an active force to "intellectuals" and students. Their concern was not so much with political freedom, economic justice or spiritual regeneration as the demand for "Indianization of the Services." It was at the end of the War that Gandhi seriously entered the field of Indian politics, with the experience of his South African campaigns, the disillusionment of the War itself and its terrible aftermath among his accumulated experience. He did not develop the existing policy of the Indian National Congress: he captured the Congress by storm and reversed its policy. The older nationalists had said to the British: "Give us places in the civil and military services—let us share with you in the government of India." Gandhi swept this aside, declaring that "*Swaraj* does not mean the transfer of power from a white to a brown bureaucracy." To this word *Swaraj* (self-government) he gave a definite revolutionary content: "No form of government," he declared, "can be called *Swaraj* in which the real power does not lie with the peasant."

Few men have realized as Gandhi has done that dual process that is necessary in a successful revolution. Social reform will always be inadequate while political power remains in the hands of an autocratic and unsympathetic government. But on the other hand, no mass movement can gather force sufficient to dislodge such a government unless it is self-critical and self-disciplined. Gandhi's social program has therefore a value in itself and a political value also. It represents the maximum that can be achieved by the Indian people for themselves short of the control of their own political and economic life. This social program is not intended as an *alternative* to political freedom and economic justice, but as a measure of self-purification by which the Indian laborers and peasants will be able to grapple with this greater problem; and it is intended to go on side by side with the political revolution that Gandhi has inaugurated by the method of civil disobedience and non-violent resistance.

The five main points in Gandhi's social program of self-purification are:

1. Hindu-Moslem unity and brotherhood.
2. *Abolition of "Untouchability."*
3. Abolition of *purdah*† and the recognition of sex equality.
4. Abstinence from drink and drugs.
5. Revival of the peasant crafts of hand-spinning and hand-weaving as supplementary industries alleviating the chronic and almost universal unemployment among the peasants in the summer months.

This social program has been advocated by

*Gandhi's program of "Soul-Force."—Editor.

†The custom of secluding women.—Editor.

Gandhi and his followers all over India, by precept and example. They go from village to village, preaching their gospel and founding schools and other centers, especially for the depressed classes.

Not the least remarkable of Gandhi's achievements is his influence over the Moslems. It is true that Hindu-Moslem riots do still occur—no very remarkable thing in a country of 350 million inhabitants. It is also true that the British government can always produce such persons as the Aga Khan and various Moslem organizations alleged to represent "Moslem opinion" to play their parts with all the skill of marionettes whenever the government pulls the wires. This is true of every community in India; for each has its landlords, its usurers, its princes, its government servants and other place-seekers. But the shadow organizations selected by the Viceroy as "representative" of the Indian masses in a Legislative Council or a Round Table Conference give one no conception of the real aspirations of India, which they exist not to express, but to conceal.

The amazing truth is that despite all the efforts made for a hundred and fifty years on the part of the government to divide the Hindu from the Moslem, and the publcity given to so-called Hindu and Moslem "leaders" whose job it is to assist in the creation of this dissension, the overwhelming mass of Hindu and Moslem peasants are united in the cause of Indian independence. No better example of this could be desired than the recent history of the North-West Frontier Province, where over 90 per cent of the inhabitants are Moslems. No province of India has succeeded in giving the government more trouble during the past four years than N. W. F. P., where the leading spirit has been the great Moslem leader Abdul Ghaffar Khan, known to all India as "the Gandhi of the Frontier."

In an excellent pamphlet on the North-West Frontier, Father Verrier Elwin has described this Moslem leader and his movement. "He made a point," writes Elwin, "of taking no important step without consulting Mahatma Gandhi." The success of *Satyagraha* ("soul-force") among these Moslems of the Frontier is described by Elwin in the following account of Abdul Ghaffar Khan:

> His supreme achievement during this period was to drive home the message of non-violence. The magnitude of this achievement has not been fully recognized. The Pathan is naturally violent and revengeful; he possesses arms; for thousands of years he had lived by the law of retaliation. There is no greater insult than to be beaten, and in front of women. To bear such insult without retaliation, to fight with a strange, clean weapon—the *Satyagraha*—was the new ideal set before the Frontier by Abdul Ghaffar Khan.
>
> During the truce, which he frankly regarded as a temporary armistice, he would say, "Soon you will have to fight again. You won the last war, not by using machine guns, but by patience and suffering. You are to be an army of sufferers, not of avengers. Only by patience will you be victorious." And the Afridis, who carry their merchandise to the bazaars of Peshawar and see the picketters there suffering without retaliation, return to their mountain fortresses with rage and wonder in their hearts.
>
> The movement grew and grew. There was something romantic about it. Its organization was better suited to the Frontier temperament than that of the Congress. But at the Working Committee of the Congress, which met in Bombay in August, 1931, the Red Shirt organization was formally adopted by Congress, and Abdul Ghaffar Khan became responsible for all the Congress activities in the Province. This resulted in a transformation of the Congress in the Frontier. Hitherto, it had been largely a city movement; now its headquarters were shifted to the village of Utmanzai.

The story of how this splendid movement was suppressed, of imprisonments without even the mock justice of a trial, of whole villages raided at night by troops and the inhabitants subjected to torture and infamy, of the strict censorship of the press and even private correspondence by which this terror was kept dark—all this has no place in the present article. It is but a single aspect of a brutal tyranny to which the whole of India has been subjected, a tyranny compared with which the rule of Hitler is mild and beneficent. I mention it only to emphasize the importance of the fact that, though the Indian people may appear for the moment to have been battered into submission, there is the strongest reason to suppose that the Congress has not been crushed. Such reliable informants as I have in India, other than those who are in prison, tell me that the message of Gandhi is still alive in the hearts of the humble folk as a great faith in a spiritual truth which no force can overcome.

In the last analysis it is to the spiritual revival of India that we must look as the one hope for the social and political revolution. All that was destructible in the work of Gandhi the government has destroyed with ruthless severity. Organizations have been banned; newspapers suppressed; men, women and even children of nine or ten years flung into prison; money and goods confiscated; and whole districts subjected to fines and punitive taxes. The materialist may well ask us what remains in this wilderness that the government calls "peace."

The answer is that there remains a spirit and a purpose, deeply rooted in the heart of India's millions, comparable to that primitive Christianity which defied the might of the Caesars. Persecution cannot destroy it, and the continuation of oppressive legislation only proves that the British Raj is still terrified of its defenceless foe.

"There is no such thing," said Gandhi on one occasion, "as slow freedom. Freedom is like a birth. Till we are fully free, we are slaves. All birth takes place in a moment." But Gandhi has also made it clear that before that birth can take place there must be travail and suffering. His opposition to violence itself is essentially an opposition to a "short cut" which actually gets one nowhere. "I would destroy that system today," he said (speaking of economic imperialism), "if I had the power. I would use the most deadly weapons if I believed they *would* destroy it. I refrain only because the use of such weapons would only perpetuate the system, though it might destroy its present administrators. Those who seek to destroy men rather than their manners, adopt the latter and become worse than those they destroy under the mistaken belief that the manners will die with the men. *They do not know the root of the evil.*"

One final reflection is perhaps peculiarly worthy of consideration by the Christian World, which today faces the dread of War in such a state of panic that the spiritual foundations of peace have been almost universally abandoned in favor of the black magic known as diplomacy.

Just as Jesus brought "not peace but a sword," so Gandhi has been attacked for stirring up strife. Behind this paradox lies the fact that peace in any desirable and lasting sense can be built only upon justice in human relationships; and justice itself cannot be attained except through some form of strife. Peace as the mere absence of outward war may mean anything from universal slavery to universal death, and such peace can always be obtained by overwhelming violence crushing all opposition. Such is the "Pax Britannica," England's gift to India, or Versailles, the gift of the Allied Powers to Europe; each is the child of conquest and the father of terrorism.

But Gandhi says: "If we only live at peace because we fear the British bayonets, I would rather we cut one another's throats. Even outward violence is better than violence restrained only by fear." Again in another passage he says: "I am a man of peace. I believe in peace. But I do not want peace at any price. I do not want the peace that you find in a stone, I do not want the peace that you find in the grave; but I do want that peace which you find embedded in the human breast."

Here at last is an admission of the most fundamental truth we have to face in the political world; the fact that there are two conceptions of peace, diametrically opposed to one another—one material and one spiritual; one "practical" and one idealistic.

Anyone can have material peace at the cost of his soul and his manhood. India has it today. Dolfuss has given it to Austria. The Allies gave it to Europe. But to achieve spiritual peace — the "peace which passeth all understanding"—is to pit one's self against every tyranny in the world, risking, as Gandhi has risked, even war and chaos to overthrow the slavery that is called order and the death that is called law. He who would follow this path must admit with Gandhi that "practical politics so-called are unrealities to him, though in the end his prove to be the most practical politics." But these are the politics of the Magnificat and the cleansing of the Temple of God from the tables of the money-changers. REGINALD REYNOLDS.

Religion and Art*

The association between religion and art is fundamental. Aspiration is creation turned inwards towards its source; creation is aspiration turned outwards towards its expression in limitation. Religion is man's effort to recreate Divinity in his own likeness, to draw heaven to earth; art is his effort to create images in the likeness of Divinity, to lift earth to heaven. Where religion is not artistic in the details of its expression, it is to that extent irreligious; where art is not religious, in being without aspiration, it is to that extent inartistic. Yet there is a curious antagonism assumed between religion and art by many religiously minded people; and the assumption, being false, leads to some equally curious torturings of logic in efforts to maintain the fallacy. For example, such an individual met a plea of the author's in a newspaper article, for art in life, by solemnly pointing out that Europe had had art for centuries, yet it did not prevent the coming of the world war. Religion, the critic asserted, was the only cure (and by religion he meant Christianity). Such an argument can, if one is only out for dialectical scalps, be annihilated by the counter-argument that Europe had religion longer and more intensively than she had art before the War, therefore *religion* cannot prevent war. Both arguments have the same logical claim to acceptance: and both are equally false because both start equally from a false premise. Europe has never had either art or religion. Certain sections of the people who could afford it have surrounded themselves with objects of art, and there has been public access to galleries and great buildings. But art has never yet been a matter of vital necessity in every detail of the life of all the people. When the creative faculty in the child is given as much attention in education as the acquisitive faculty, then we may talk of Europe having art. Such religion as Europe has had, has been similarly circumscribed: it has never yet entered fully into life. What art is waiting for is to be made religious by being seen as a reflection in humanity of the creative power of the Universal Being, not as a fad, a luxury, or a sensual pander as it mostly is today. What religion is waiting for is to be made artistic by being cleared of distortions and overgrowths, and particularly of the superstition that the hunger for spiritual food can be appeased only by one set of dishes prepared and served in one way.

We must, however, guard against making a complete identity between religion and art. Religion can be artistic, philosophical, scientific, practical. The future religion will be all these; but religion cannot be an art, a philosophy, a science, or a system of social and individual conduct. The aspirational function cannot be diverted from its unique inner relationships with the supra-individual phases of life, "the total push and pressure of the Cosmos" which it calls God, and with which (or whom) it seeks an ever expanding unification, and be set in a list with the other arts. Nor can the creative, expressional function be drawn from its release of individual creative impulse into infra-individual forms of expression, and be set down among the systematized creeds and ceremonies of religion. Religion and art are, verily, the two highest and most closely related notes in the sestet of external human capacity: action, organization, observation, contemplation, creation, aspiration. But neither can be fully itself without the other; and neither can usurp the place and function of the other without deprivation to both. Where art has been diverted into religious aesthetical formalism, it has become stereotyped and uncreative: where religion has ousted art it has become ugly and arid.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

*The author of this article, Dr. Cousins, is Principal of Madanapalle College, Madras, India.—Editor.

The Study Table

A Personal Diary

There must be a large number of persons who admire the writings of Albert Jay Nock and who regret that since the days of the old *Freeman* they have had all too small opportunity to enjoy his polished prose, his wide learning, his incisive and biting wit. To these persons it will be welcome news to know that his "Journal," covering the period from June, 1932, to December, 1933 has just been issued in book form.* I wonder if many of them will be sorely disappointed in it, as I was.

I find it somewhat difficult to explain the source of this disappointment. All of Mr. Nock's familiar virtues as a writer are in evidence in this book. He discourses charmingly and sometimes profoundly on a wide variety of subjects and almost always what he has to say is interesting and provocative. Imbedded within the covers of this book is a little essay on the meaning of culture and education which manages to sum up the whole problem in five hundred words better than all the pedagogues have done it in five hundred ponderous treatises. His range of interests is immense and in writing of each of them he succeeds in conveying an air of authority. His judgments of individuals and classes are, as usual, wittily expressed —if with a generous tinge of asperity—as in his remark upon the death of Dr. Hibben of Princeton: "He may now be where he can talk things over with his cousin Paxton, but I have my doubts, especially if Paxton sees him coming"; or in his observation that "some hand-picked American bankers and French politicians would make a grand combination, worth going miles to see, if one left one's watch and pocketbook at home."

There is, indeed, so much that is good in the book one is surprised to discover that the total impression it leaves is decidedly unpleasant. I suppose an intimate journal is a good deal more revelatory of one's character and quality of mind than more impersonal writing. However that may be, certainly this book gives an impression of Mr. Nock one would never have suspected from reading his other work. I had always supposed he must be a most urbane person in the best sense of that much abused word, that he must possess what is referred to as the philosophical temperament, but here he writes like a crotchety old man who hates his world and is determined to vent his spleen on everybody in it. He dislikes politicians, reformers, professors, journalists, and the inhabitants *en masse* of practically every country except Belgium, and the amount of fury he can whip up against them is staggering. He wastes a good deal of energy being indignant over trivial manifestations of our commercial civilization which would only amuse a less irascible temperament. Somebody manufactures an ink and gives it the name of "Quink"—Mr. Nock feels that it is important to denounce such an innocent prank as a "repulsive antic." An invitation from the publisher of "Who's Who" to purchase a copy of that book elicits from Mr. Nock the observation that the poor man is a "miserable fellow." (He adds, probably to show his contempt for publicity, that he has "steadfastly declined" to appear in the book.) These are typical examples of the cantankerous attitude displayed throughout the "Journal."

It is inevitable that such a sour disposition as Mr. Nock's should give rise to a great many unfair and sweeping generalizations. One does not have to be a partisan of the New Deal to feel the injustice and absurdity of his statement that "Roosevelt has assembled in Washington the most extraordinary aggregation of quacks, I imagine, that was ever seen herded together." His just praise of the dramatic criticisms written twenty years ago by Walter Prichard Eaton is spoiled by his remark that "it is almost incredible that within my own lifetime any newspaper would publish such work, and that any reviewer competent to supply it could have been found. I do not know where anything like it exists today, or could exist." Can it be that he has never read the reviews of J. Brooks Atkinson or John Mason Brown, both of whom are writing today for our metropolitan newspapers, both of them with a knowledge of the theatre and grace in writing equal to Mr. Eaton's? There are dozens of other general statements scattered throughout the book which sound convincing but can be shown to be half-truths or entirely incorrect.

I have often thought that those who have felt it incumbent upon themselves to present the public with their personal journals would do well to read and carefully ponder the "Impressions and Comments" of Havelock Ellis. No modern diarist has so well succeeded in drawing a vivid picture of himself while making the personal element seem unintrusive. Ellis, like Nock, is well aware of the stupidity and meanness of the general run of mankind, but he takes a thoroughly civilized attitude towards the whole business without once reminding the reader, as Nock does on every other page, how civilized he is.

Mr. Nock has a brilliant equipment as a writer. It is unfortunate that he deems it necessary to use it in the service of an attitude that is overbearingly superior and not a little silly.

MORTIMER BREWSTER SMITH.

*"A Journal of These Days": Albert Jay Nock; William Morrow & Co., $2.75.

The Gospel According to Dickens†

It is a pity that Charles Dickens's "Life of Our Lord" has been published. Whatever value it has lies in the intimate personal character of its origin. The great novelist wrote this little book for use in the nursery and for the fireside of his own home. Touched by the heroic story of Jesus and moved by its appeal to the kindness and pity of the loving heart, Dickens wanted his children, even in their tender years to know this story in its sweet human simplicity, apart from all intrusions of creed and dogma, apart even from the traditional trappings of the scriptures. So he re-wrote the Gospel tale in simple form, with reverent spirit, and with patient fidelity to the New Testament text. Then he gave it to his children, many of them too young even to read, that in due course the life of Jesus might become a very part of their own lives. The book was thus a household possession, a family treasure, and thus an infinitely precious thing to those for whom it was written.

But now this book is taken out of the privacy of the home and cast into the publicity of the market-

†"The Life of Our Lord," by Charles Dickens. Published by Simon & Schuster, New York. $1.75.

place. It is no longer a loving testament written by a father for his children, but the latest and last edition to the collected works of the most distinguished novelist of the Victorian era. At once, under these circumstances, the beauty of the volume is lost, and all virtue gone out of it. Judged as a contemporary publication, this biography of Jesus has no value nor even interest apart from its character as the relic of a great man. It is hopelessly old-fashioned and even naive in its treatment of the Gospel material. It is inaccurate, as see the glaring confusion of Herodias and Salome in the account of the death of John the Baptist. It is uncritical in its judgment of authenticity and worth, and, strangely enough, it has no literary value. On the contrary, it is as crude as Dickens's lamentable "Child's History of England." Worst of all, the little book is tainted with anti-Semitism, unintentional on Dickens's part, but just for this reason all the more shocking. We have no doubt that the magic of Dickens's name will carry this book into myriads of households, and into the hands of thousands upon thousands of little children. This is a pity, for this work is wholly unworthy to serve as a substitute for the many books on the life of Jesus which have been written in recent years for boys and girls.

It cannot and should not be forgotten that Charles Dickens himself was unwilling that this book should be published. He did not even allow it to be privately printed. He even placed an injunction upon his children that it should never be copied or even loaned outside the household. Are we never going to honor our great men enough to heed their wisdom and respect their wishes? Not apparently if there are huge profits to be made! The Dickens heirs sold this manuscript, as Judas sold Christ, for pieces of silver.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Religious Book Notes

Contemporary American Theology, Second Series, edited by Vergilius Ferm. Round Table Press, New York. 376 pp. $3.00.

This second volume in a notable series of theological autobiographies shows clearly that the trend in present-day theology is away from the absolutic, the authoritarian, and the dogmatic; and toward the scientific, the experimental, and the morally significant.

Religion Today, edited by Arthur L. Swift. Whittlesey House, New York. 300 pp. $2.50.

This work, in which a wide variety of non-professional "theologians" give their varying conceptions of present-day religion, should be read in the light of the above noted volume of contemporary theological autobiographies.

Theism and the Scientific Spirit, by Walter Marshall Horton. Harper & Brothers, New York. 231 pp. $2.00.

An excellent summary of the turnover in ideas of God through the various periods of thought of the last four hundred years; together with a triumphant faith in the future of a potent theism that is both cosmic and humanistic.

God or Man?, by James H. Leuba. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 338 pp. $2.75.

A factual argument to the effect that the physical and spiritual goods hitherto credited to God may be more effectively achieved through natural, human methods and instrumentalities.

The Nature of Religion, by Georg Wobbermin. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 379 pp. $3.50.

A somewhat "circular" study of religion, in terms of a systematic science of its nature, based on the uniquely religious as found in experience, the truth of which is then validated in the light of the results obtained in the study of the nature of religion.

The Religious Situation, by Paul Tillich. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 182 pp. $1.50.

A clear cut statement of religion as valid only in terms of man's relation to the over-world; and a frontal attack on the religious and other aspects of modern culture that are based on the self-sufficient finitude of this world.

CURTIS W. REESE.

Correspondence

Monopoly

If regulation is necessary to protect the wage-earner from the tactics of the employer, is there not equal need of protection for the consumer from monopoly exactions? The National Industrial Recovery Act has provided for suspension of the Sherman anti-trust law. Manufacturers are therefore at liberty to enter into price-fixing agreements, and in many cases this has meant price boosting. Obviously this has created a situation which must be corrected, but how?

Government regulation of industry is sometimes fairly successful, but it involves a more or less continuous struggle with profiteers, and as a rule has given the consumers only partial relief. It has meant a kind of guerilla warfare when the contending officials were honest, and corruption when they were not. The power which the lure of monopoly profits can exert to warp the finer instincts of our able business men is a more serious thing than the high prices we pay for their wares.

In the end we shall probably follow Canada in accepting public ownership as the best means of dealing with monopoly and of securing a better distribution of wealth and income. If the private electric power plants cannot survive without charging rates higher than those of the publicly-owned plants, why do we need them?

If, as Secretary Wallace says, there are milk distributor trusts in the large cities that are robbing both the producer and the consumer, why not establish municipal milk exchanges which could guarantee not only the quality of milk, but fair prices to both producer and consumer?

If we have to regulate all the important functions of our railroads, and the salaries of the officials as well, why not have straight government operation? If the government can regulate efficiently, it could surely operate efficiently, since it would not be hindered by the tactics of profiteering owners who do not want to be regulated. The trouble and expense of regulating could also be saved.

Finally, with reference to a different kind of monopoly—if the banks are too frightened to loan money to industry during a depression, why depend upon them? The government has recently been making large loans; it could just as well make small ones, and at

times of greatest need. Indeed, to leave the credit facilities of a country in the hands of private banking institutions is a doubtful policy, for the greater part by far of our monetary system is made up of credit. As Senator Cutting says: "This is a power controlling the very destinies of the nation; yet the people have no word in the selection of the men who control credit."

Take one example of the results of this system. In August, 1920, the Federal Reserve Board, acting on its own initiative, decided that farm credit must be reduced. Orders were issued to the member banks to act accordingly. Farmers over the country were notified that their notes would not be extended. We know what happened. These farmers, who during the war were encouraged to borrow money with which to buy more land and machinery to raise larger crops and thus "help the government to win the war," now found it necessary to dump their crops and all other salable things on the market to get the wherewithal to pay the bank notes—and prices crashed. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, farther of the present secretary, gave out a statement in 1923 in which he estimated that this curtailment of bank credit had caused the farmers of the country losses amounting to 15 billion dollars. Farming has never recovered from this catastrophe.

It is an axiom that when great power is secured by any group of men not directly responsible to the people, that power is almost certain to be abused. That is the essence of the problem of monopoly. Why not give our able men the opportunity to earn their living in serving their fellow-men under public ownership of the monopolistic industries? They will then give a better example of citizenship.

F. S. KINDER.

Denver, Colorado.

A Comment on Spengler

Editor of UNITY:

Oswald Spengler is the present-day philosopher who is most engaging the attention of the public, in Germany, his own country, in all the countries of Europe, in China and Japan and in the United States. His is indeed a strange philosophy. As my readers know, I have been pointing out the evil of a concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. Spengler believes this is a blessing. I have preached the rights of the working classes, and advocated a larger measure of justice for them. Spengler believes too much consideration is given to the working classes and that they are a menace to the world.

I have been preaching, "Let the people rule, democracy is the hope of the world." Spengler says, Beware of letting the people rule, Democracy is an evil, discipline must be substituted for democracy.

I have been advocating peace, Spengler advocates war as man's normal state. I have believed that there is truth in the saying, "God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth." Spengler preaches the inherent superiority of the Nordic races. They must and should dominate. I have believed Prussianism contemptible and abominable. Spengler sees Prussianism as a supreme objective, and he tells us that we can have it in other nations as well as in Germany. I have paid high tribute to Pacifists and have rejoiced in the growth of human brotherhood. Spengler says, man is a beast of prey. Moralists who claim to be beyond this are only beasts of prey with their teeth broken, who hate others on account of the attacks which they themselves are wise enough to avoid.

Spengler, fifty-one years of age, has been writing for many years. He studied philosophy, art and history in Munich and Berlin. At Berlin University he took his doctor's degree. One of his first books to attract wide attention was entitled, "The Decline of the West." His latest book, "The Return of the Caesars" has just been published in this country. The first chapter of it appears as the leading article in *The American Mercury* for February.

He writes with an enthusiasm and an arrogance which is most impelling. He is pessimistic and fatalistic. Greatness and happiness, he declares, are incompatible. Here is what he says of reformers:

> The dreary train of world improvers has now come to an end, of its amble through the centuries, leaving behind it as a sole monument of its existence mountains of printed paper. The Caesars will now take its place. High policy, the *art of the possible,* will again enter upon its eternal heritage, free from all systems and theories, itself the judge of the facts by which it rules, and gripping the world between its knees like a good horseman.

The World Revolution, which many Socialists have been looking forward to, Spengler says is an accomplished fact. Revolution has reached its goal.

> It is from the intellectual with the failures of all academic professions, the spiritually unfit, and morally inhibited at its head that the gangsters of Liberal and Bolshevist rising are recruited.
>
> If few can stand a long war without deterioration of soul, none can stand a long peace. The individual life is important to no man but himself; the point is whether he wishes to escape from history or give his life for it. Let it for once be said outright, though it is a slap in the face for the vulgarity of the present age; property is not a vice but a gift, and gifts such as few possess.
>
> Liberty has always been the liberty of those who wish to obtain the power, not to abolish it. . . Christian theology is the grandmother of Bolshevism. . . Christian morality is like every moraliy, renunciation and nothing else. . . Socialism is nothing but the Capitalism of the lower classes. . . Finance-socialists and trust magnates like Morgan and Kruger correspond absolutely to the mass leaders of labor parties, and the Russian economic Commissars; dealer-natures with the same parvenu tastes. All really great leaders in history go Right, however low the depths from which they have climbed. He whose sword compels victory here, will be lord of the World.

The following quotations are from the article in *The American Mercury*:

> We live in momentous times. The stupendous dynamism of the historical epic that has now dawned makes it the grandest of all world history, greater and far more terrible than the ages of Caesar and Napoleon.
>
> Pale-faces have a dread of reality. They are impelled by the morbid idea of reforming society, which is to them too masculine, too healthy, too sober. . . And they will reform it by noble *talk* and poetic *theories.*
>
> There is a social romanticism of sentimental Communists, which regards election figures and the intoxication of mass meeting oratory as deeds.

One reviewer of Spengler's book says that he seems to confound his own personality with that of the Deity.

In its essential features all this is the philosophy of Hitler, but said with more intellectual acumen than Hitler could say it. Hitler no doubt thinks Spengler is interpreting the dominant spirit of Nazi Germany *too frankly,* so while Spengler's book is sold in the book stores of Germany, Spengler himself has been forbidden the use of the German radio.

When Hitler was making his struggle for power he preached exactly this Spengler philosophy, but since he has attained power he speaks more softly, and even

flirts with pacifists. He knows that Germany is not at present ready for war, but he is trying his best to make her ready as soon as possible. Camouflage is legitimate war tactics.

Spengler's picture appeared in a recent issue of *Time*. His broad forehead, and well-shaped head suggests strong intellectual power. He has regular features, and is a good-looking man, with a stern mouth, not surmounted, however, with a tooth-brush moustache like Hitler's.

Those who are familiar with the philosophy of Frederick Nietzsche will see similarity between that philosophy and Spengler's. The Nordic man, in a way takes the place of Nietzsche's superman. And considerable of the philosophy of Spengler can also be found in Schopenhauer's writings.

St. Petersburg, Florida. CHESTER C. PLATT.

Henry George on India

Editor of UNITY:

In view of the fact that the pages of UNITY contain among other valuables also a treasure-chest of vital information on the struggle of India for liberation from the rapacity of the British Empire, I thought it perhaps timely to add to the modern record of industrial exploitation of native men, women and even children and the physical brutalities from the hands of His Majesty's administrators of the spoilers' laws also the record of rural exploitation as left by the outstanding ethical economist of the Nineteenth century. Writing over half a century ago, this is what Henry George has to say in his "Progress and Poverty" on the civilizing effects of British rule over the countrymen of Tagore and Gandhi:

"The millions of India have bowed their necks beneath the yokes of many conquerors, but worst of all is the steady, grinding weight of English domination—a weight which is literally crushing millions out of existence, and, as shown by English writers, is inevitably tending to a most frightful and widespread catastrophe. Other conquerors have lived in the land, and, though bad and tyrannous in their rule, have understood and been understood by the people; but India now is like a great estate owned by an absentee and alien landlord. A most expensive military and civil establishment is kept up, managed and officered by Englishmen who regard India as but a place of temporary exile; and an enormous sum, estimated as at least £20,000,000 annually, raised from a population where laborers are in many places glad in good times to work for 1½d. to 4d. a day, is drained away to England in the shape of remittances, pensions, home charges of the government, etc.—a tribute for which there is no return. . . In large parts of India the English, in their desire to create a class of landed proprietors, turned over the soil in absolute possession to hereditary tax-gatherers, who rack-rent the cultivators most mercilessly. In other parts, where the rent is still taken by the State in the shape of a land tax, assessments are so high, and taxes are collected so relentlessly, as to drive the ryots, who get but the most scanty living in good seasons, into the claws of money lenders, who are, if possible, even more rapacious than the zemindars. Upon salt, an article of prime necessity everywhere, and of especial necessity where food is almost exclusively vegetable, a tax of nearly twelve hundred per cent is imposed, so that its various industrial uses are prohibited, and large bodies of the people cannot get enough to keep either themselves or their cattle in health. Below the English officials are a horde of native employees who oppress and extort. The effect of English law . . . has been but to put a potent instrument to plunder into the hands of the native money lenders, from whom the peasants are compelled to borrow on the most extravagant terms to meet their taxes . . . even from faminine stricken districts, food is exported in payment of taxes, (while) the whole of India is subjected to a steady and exhausting drain, which, combined with the enormous expenses of government, is making the population year by year poorer."

Obviously, the morals of British rulers and the ethics behind their conduct when applied to the masses smarting under their military yoke have not changed with the course of half a century of civilization. The dreadful stories of human exploitation is beyond doubt the darkest pages of the annals dealing with the Mother of Parliaments, who has the audacity to call herself Christian while daily betraying and drowning in innocent human blood every tenet of kindness, sympathy and justice so dear to the humble carpenter of Old Jerusalem. What a sad picture of hypocrisy, crime and horror posterity and the gods shall perceive when the responsible heads of the British Empire are led by Anubis into the Judgment Hall to face the good and wise Osiris, the beneficent Isis and the lord of day Horus, not mentioning the living conscience of an aroused mankind.

New York City. DAVID GITTLEMAN.

Your Hands Are Red

You, Chancellor Dollfuss, shameless one,
And you, outrageous Major Fey,
Look at your cruel hands that reek
With blood you cannot wash away,

With blood of slaughtered innocents
Who died the martyrs' bitter way,
Who bled upon the thorns of night
And never saw the flowers of day.

The cries of children you have slain
Will echo madly in your ears
And form a knotted, fiery lash
To hound you down the changing years!

LUCIA TRENT.

O Women

O women of the world, awake to know
The problem of the ages rests with you.
Your courage and your wisdom must renew
Man's faith in peace. You cannot let him go
Like one blindfolded, on from woe to woe.
That bitter hate and war may not undo
The building of the aeons, you must woo
Him back to sanity, defeat his foe.

You must begin when he is at your breast,
To teach him what a hateful thing is war,
To cool the fires the burning years would fan,
To make him know that he who stands the test
Of peace is greatest of all heroes; for
A woman shall redeem the soul of man.

GEORGIANA BOLE KING.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 142)

The tragedy of this loss of life does not end with consigning the body to the grave, for there are left the fatherless children and the widow, who must begin her struggle without a helpmate, to keep family and home together. In all of the heroism, none surpasses that of hers, and upon her brow we will place the laurel wreath, and present her to the world as a shining example and a great heroic figure.

Chapin said:

> No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

The heroes of whom we speak today are those who have gone down to the sea in ships, who have builded our cities, who are engaged in the great transportation facilities of the nation, whether on land or on sea, or in the air, those who go down into the bowels of the earth, those who man our factories and build our highways, and those engaged in the performance of other productive service, including the farmer who tills the soil—each one with a work to perform, with danger ever present—facing his task unflinchingly in order that we might enjoy life more abundantly.

The poet has written his verse, and the writer has written his stories—all eloquently singing the praises of these heroes.

We must not forget that hero in our public service—the policeman and the fireman, and other public servants, who, in their duty of protecting life and property are in constant danger and all too frequently are called upon to make the supreme sacrifice. They cannot, in the very nature of their duties, stop to think of the danger of their tasks.

As we think of our Peace Time Heroes we must not forget that devoted, well-trained, self-sacrificing nurse who ministers to the sick through the day and the long night, relieving suffering and pain, unmindful of contagion or infection, performing a duty of love for mankind; and so we could go on recounting the story of heroic people and their deeds—perhaps it might be of the school boy or girl who risks his or her life in saving a companion, or whatever they might do—we must return our thanks to God that He in His Infinite Wisdom hath given to the world these heroic peacetime figures and we—the living—should now dedicate ourselves to the great task of so educating our people and developing our industries, by applying safety measures, that the toll of human life of those who perform service in the interest of the people, may be greatly lessened.

So may we, each one, privileged as we are to participate in this Memorial Service, bow in grateful reverence and in loving memory of those brave souls of whom we speak.

The Passion Play

A True Story

In the year of enlightenment one thousand nine hundred twenty-two, in a distant and obscure village across the sea, a company of players was enacting a world-famed drama.

Among the spectators was an American lady who though inconspicuously clad attracted many a discerning eye that turned to glimpse the aristocracy of that noble face.

Three hundred years ago, her ancestors had come to New Amsterdam to take part in the upbuilding of a great nation. They were of the Jewish faith.

Familiar with the Old Testament and also the New, she was responsive to many a chord that might have escaped a less cultured onlooker of that moving spectacle.

And now, after a series of strained emotion, Jesus was dying on the cross and our lady was steeped in tears.

The play over, she sought to view close and talk to the gentle peaceful man who had impersonated the Great Teacher.

The next day, she found him engaged in his daily work,—"about his father's business," they said.

Her ecstasy—or perhaps the force of his vigorous acting—empowered her to behold the Shekinah emanating from that head of his.

It was a memorable meeting, full of all the poetry and history of the Testaments. In his soft blue eyes she saw only the gentle Carpenter, the Prince of Peace.

As an American, she had come to him to talk about the trials of his country. "And how is it all going to come out? What do you *see* in the future?" she asked.

"Well, I'll tell you, Madam, *it's the Jews. We must get rid of the Jews.*"

EPHRAIM CROSS.

Gandhi

Shriveled and shrunken,
Little brown man,
Simple, unorthodox,
Strives as he can.

Wears but a loin cloth,
Free in his pose,
Living on goat's milk
Drawn as he goes.

Striving, protesting,
Even in jail.
Strong, with his influence
Pelting like hail.

Against an idea
Couched in his brain
Might of an empire
Can not attain.

BLANCHE ELLIOTT.

Utility Trust & Munition Profiteers

How They Have Plundered the American People

The BIG PRIVATE utility interests of the nation have a record of stock watering and consumer exploitation that is shocking to behold.

In another field the munitions and armament makers are bucking the big navy and army drives for huge appropriations, knowing full well that to embark this great nation on a policy of militarism will swell their own profits and prepare the way toward dragging the United States into another world war to their own vast enrichment.

It is time that intelligent people of the nation struck back with a new vigor at these selfish, profit greedy interests—the utility trust and the munitions trust. Therefore, in early issues, the Progressive, La Follette's great national weekly newspaper, which accepts no paid advertising, will run a series of special articles showing how these interests are plundering the American people—printing facts about them and their hypocrisy that advertising subsidized newspapers dare not print—exposing their enormous profits and unethical business methods.

If you will send 20c for a three month trial subscription to The Progressive you will receive all the special articles covering the complete expose, both of the munition trust and the utility trust. Address The Progressive Publishing Co., Madison, Wis.—Adv.